

# NEW YORK JOURNAL

W. R. HEARST.

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Recorder Goff has his faults and his weaknesses, but he holds an official position of authority and influence. It is therefore gratifying to observe that he has been brought to the Journal's way of thinking about medical experts and so-called "alienists" in court trials. At the dinner of the Medico-Legal Society he said that a majority of such witnesses "might be regarded as charlatans and mountebanks," who "obstruct justice instead of aiding it." In his opinion "any measure that would eradicate these abuses" for which their employment is responsible "would greatly benefit humanity."

This is so true, and is so generally the opinion of all well-informed men since the disgusting exhibition of unblushing venality in the Barberi case, that it is likely to put an end to the practice. The professional expert is either a charlatan or a corruptionist; generally both.

Another practice exposed and denounced by the Journal received disapproving attention from the Recorder on the same occasion. These were his words:

There is another weakness in the existing laws which should be corrected. As it is now, any two doctors may certify to the insanity of a person, and his liberty can be taken from him. This has recently been brought forcibly to public attention. Not only is the victim's liberty taken from him, but he is consigned to a living death. Personal selfishness and a conspiracy may thus cause a sane person unending misery and loss of liberty.

But this "weakness" has been corrected through the Journal's efforts. Since the order issued by the Commissioner of Charities at the Journal's request after our exposure, which, as Recorder Goff says, brought the subject forcibly to public attention, no person accused of insanity can be deprived of his liberty without proper legal proceedings.

## THE "COERCION" FARCE.

The records of diplomacy have exploited many farces for the wonderment of humanity, but none quite so farcical as the attitude of the powers toward Turkey. The Porte has for many years been known as the "Sick Man," but he has been able to defy the public opinion of the world. He has laughed at the protests and threats of the lusty nations, who have done but little more than stand around and make faces. The Blue Book just issued by the English Government reviews the correspondence of England with the other powers on the question of reforms in Turkish administration, and the tortuous and uncertain paths in which diplomacy has meandered would excite amusement were not their errors of omission so terrible in result. Yet public opinion has been very much in earnest in civilized Europe over the Armenian massacres, and the need of such changes as will make their recurrence impossible. Why is it, then, that the governmental action of the powers has not responded to public opinion?

The simple truth seems to be that there has been a deadlock, owing to the fear of the onlookers that any change would mean the collapse of Turkey, and the nations would at once be at each other's throats over the carcass. Those who have studied the Eastern situation most carefully are aware that the Sultan, so far as he is not a mere puppet, is at the mercy of the fanatical forces which surge and seethe underneath him among his own people. To be hurried from the throne by a revolution, which would almost mean the loss of his life, would probably be the price he would pay for acquiescence in the "reform" demands of Europe. Threatened by Sofia and Charybdis, one can scarcely blame the unfortunate Caliph for merely drifting with the tide and using every resource of Oriental mendacity to escape the rocks.

But the responsibility of Europe, which has been evaded possibly out of laudable motive, if any motive could be laudable which permitted a carnival of massacre as an alternative of lack of action, is none the less. The wise rule of the individual in questions of doubt, when several courses are open, is to pursue that which does not call for elaborate argument for its justification. Conscience and right always speak straight from the heart to the heart. The thing which has to be reasoned out to prove that it is right is generally wrong. What is true for the most part of individuals is true of communities and nations. We may assume that Europe is a vast powder magazine waiting for a spark. But it is more than doubtful whether that spark could possibly be contributed by any concerted action of the powers in favor of humanity. For once there has been a general tide of indignant sympathy throughout Europeans of all classes. War could scarcely flame out from obedience to that feeling on the part of governments.

Yet there can be but little question that such a morbid dread of war has been in the main the root of European reluctance to interfere beyond protests and minatory phrases. Turkey has long since found out that these mean nothing more than soap bubbles. She has learned, too, that no action will be taken by the other powers till Russia is willing to act in earnest—and that St. Petersburg holds the real key of the situation. What the Muscovite wills will be, such is the irony of the situation. The other powers may fume and fret as they may, publish elaborate dispatches, speak through the mouths of the press and public meetings, and turn all manner of diplomatic somersaults, but they will all dance the jig set by the bear. Russia knows she has the sure reversion of the moribund Turk's property, and she will bide her time to accomplish her end in the most convenient way. There is no public opinion there to irritate rulers and diplomats.

There has been another spasm of chatter about Russia's willingness for prompt co-operation with Western Europe in coercing Turkey, but wise men will expect nothing till it comes.

## THE TROTTER HORSE MARKET.

It sounds well nigh ridiculous to even hint that there is a chance of the supply of horses of trotting blood, the national breed, running short even for a time, and yet such are the existing conditions that this state of affairs is a decided possibility. Two principal reasons may be given: The gigantic growth of the export trade with Europe and the decrease in production. The former is flattering and makes the prospect, as viewed beyond the immediate future, hopeful; the latter may be checked if breeders, particularly the smaller farmers, can be shown a way to make a fair share of profit.

In the palmest days of the trotting horse market many of the best horses were bred on small farms, where there were probably not more than four or five brood mares. The farmer was sufficiently prosperous to pay a handsome sum in return for the services of a high-class horse. Then came agricultural depression and simultaneously a decline in the horse market. Hence mares were not bred, or, if they were bred, were mated with inferior horses. Besides the farmer-breeders, hundreds of men who had been raising horses on a more ambitious scale went out of business.

At the present time we are at a crucial period. The demand for exportation steadily grows, and, moreover, a

better class of horse is wanted for this purpose each successive year. Meanwhile, though the pacer has to some extent saved the day, there is a very notable dearth of high-class material among the trotters on our own tracks, and it has become a question whether free-for-all classes can be filled. The trouble may remedy itself, for the scarcity will, of course, have the tendency of raising prices, but the danger is that breeders, especially those in a small way of business, will attempt to fill the demand with an inferior article, thereby damaging the market and endangering their own ultimate prospects.

In the breeding of horses, whether they be trotters, thoroughbreds, high steppers, hunters, polo ponies or any other variety, there is always room at the top. The thoroughbred yearling market has suffered severely through breeders being instigated by phenomenal prices to attempt to pass off inferior animals as the best of their kind. If the trotting horse breeders are in earnest they will only breed from the best mares and stallions, and should they do so they can rest assured that a grand market will await their young stock by the time they are ready for market.

## TURPIE ON THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

Senator Turpie has again turned his noisy but ineffective batteries against the Nicaragua Canal. In his latest continuous performance of this sort, now in operation in the Senate, he merely reproduces his former "act," as they say in the music halls, and has introduced no new features whatever. "The rights of the Canal Company are not worth acquiring," "its personal property is old, rotten and worthless," the railroad "is overgrown with tropical vines;" "the estimates of the company's engineers do not agree with those of the Government's engineers."

All of which, if it were true, would be beside the matter. The point to be insisted on is that the canal, though it cost \$133,000,000 instead of \$63,000,000, as is estimated, will be worth a hundred, yes, a thousand, times the money to the United States. If we do not build it, some other nation will; and control it, too, to our everlasting loss and danger. The Nicaragua Canal is a national necessity.

## THE POWER OF THE FREAK.

The fact that the substantive "freak" has within the past decade come into general use as an adjective is a significant indication of the enormous influence that the dime museum wields in our social and artistic life.

Zealous patriots will perhaps declare this to be a cause for rejoicing, on the ground that the dime museum is a distinctively American institution, which is perfectly true, because nowhere else on the face of the earth can such an astounding collection of freaks of nature, both quick and dead, be found on exhibition for the low price of ten cents. Years ago there were museums for a quarter or a half dollar, but now the demand on the part of the public for uncanny curiosities is so great and so persistent that museums have been established all over the country to gratify it, and the "freaks" or living distortions make regular journeys from town to town, exhibiting themselves in different museums and laying out their routes at the beginning of each season for all the world like actors and actresses of the highest degree. Formerly they were advertised by means of huge crudely colored canvases, but now each freak has a stand of photographs, which are exhibited in the museum lobbies in the same way that Mr. Frohman displays the portraits of Mr. John Drew and Miss Adams in the lobby of the Empire Theatre. In other respects, too, the human curiosities are advancing toward the legitimate stage, and at the same time the freak element in other forms is bearing down heavily upon the artistic side of the drama.

The position of the conscientious and accomplished dramatic artist was never more deplorable than it is at the present day, crushed as he is between the upper and lower millstones of freak art, the tank drama and the three-legged girl. It is doubtful if there has ever been a time in the history of the American stage when it was encumbered by so many inartistic shows and fak actors—whose proper place was the dime museum platform—and certainly there have never been so many actors and actresses of exceptional ability out of employment as there are now. It is even true that the freak element has played a very important part in the success of the most distinguished actor that has ever come to us from England.

As for the "artists" who have occupied the public attention with great profit to themselves this season, let us not forget the debt of gratitude that we owe some of them for the unlifting influence which they exerted on the amusement business. For example, there will always remain in our hearts sunny memories of the quintet of cheeky, hideously offensive young women who sang supremely silly songs in hard, discordant voices and successfully appealed to our nobler and finer selves by poking their feet out at us from behind the curtain. And then there were the other sisters, offered by the rival temple of art as a counter irritant. There were five of these also, and they endeavored by their uncouth dress and manners to make themselves as repulsive—though in another way—as the others. Of course they did well in this art-loving community that rejected Refuse, and accepted Bernhardt chiefly because she conjured it with infinite cleverness.

Last night another foreign "artist" appeared before us, and the house was so crowded that there was no room within its limits for the unemployed actresses and actors who would perhaps be glad to see the sort of thing that a discriminating public will pay to look at.

With Mark Hanna out gunning for a Senatorial toga the Ohio Legislature will be sure to raise the figures on its cost tag.

As it was a case of go into the Cabinet or go out of office, John Sherman's Ohio instinct prompted him to take the Cabinet end of the dilemma.

The announcement that we are to demand an explanation of the King of Siam is undoubtedly reliable. The present Administration is not afraid of Siam.

Possibly Mr. Hanna will see fit to base his Senatorial candidacy on the ground that it is the sole remaining requisite for the return of confidence and prosperity.

When it comes to the election of a Sheriff for Greater New York, it is not believed that Herr Tamsen will run as well as the ex-inmates of Ludlow Street Jail do.

Mr. Wolcott's present expedition will not bring about international bimetallism, but it will enable the Colorado Senator to obtain a firm grip on the Federal patronage for that State.

The announcement that the armor plate matter has been settled to the satisfaction of all parties concerned is based on the old assumption that the taxpayers are never concerned in such matters.

Secretary Herbert has reprimanded an official who let naves' contracts to the highest bidders. The Government's mode of punishing delinquent servants is strongly suggestive of an invitation for them to repeat the offence.

Mr. Olney has amended the diplomatic rules so that in all his future speeches Mr. Bayard will have to refrain from making political observations. However, Mr. Bayard will doubtless be able to find some other means for making the American citizen feel ashamed of him.

## The Wooing of Polly Slanguer.

The ladies were in the library while the Major, Jack Darius and Bob Billings were concluding dinner over coffee and brandy. "You are an awful fool, Polly," Mrs. Jack Darius said to Miss Slanguer. "Yes, dear, but why?" Polly answered, sweetly, removing her cigarette from her lips only while she spoke.

"For all sorts of reasons," Mrs. Jack said, thoughtfully. "But just now I am thinking about your smoking. It's so young to smoke."

"Is that why you gave it up, dear?" Polly asked, affecting a little anxiety; "or was it—er—complexion?" Mrs. Max giggled comfortably.

"What are you laughing at?" Mrs. Jack inquired.

"It's such fun to hear you and Polly fight—that is, you know, quarrel," Mrs. Max responded, in a mildly placid tone. "Bless your heart," exclaimed Mrs. Jack. "Polly and I never quarrel."

"No; we merely exchange confidences," murmured Polly.

"The girl really gave promise of being a credit to my instructions in her first winter," Mrs. Jack continued, ignoring Polly; "but she's gone off frightfully. Last year she never fell in love, or adopted a fad, without my advice; but now she even falls in love without me."

"Without consulting your interest?" Polly asked, raising her eyebrows.

Mrs. Jack regarded her with an expression of pain and disappointment; and then said, in a weary tone: "That, Polly, was even beneath your intelligence. That was a remark a girl would make who wanted to appear clever; and I do hope, Polly, dear, you have not fallen into such hideous form as to want to appear clever."

Polly lit another cigarette and looked comfortable.

"I don't think I—that is, what are you talking about?" Mrs. Max asked in despair.

"Why, Polly has just told me that she has concluded to marry Bob Billings," Mrs. Jack explained.

"I never heard her mention his name!" exclaimed Mrs. Jack.

"Sweetheart!" cried Mrs. Jack. "If I were a man I should adore you. You heard Polly say that she fell in love without consulting me, and as Bob is the only man in the world I love it follows that she has decided to kidnap him."

Polly was observed through a cloud of smoke to shake her head affirmatively.

"I might have known," continued Mrs. Jack, regarding Polly as critically as the smoke permitted, "that you were in love again. I recall now that your tender emotions are always revealed by the way you smoke your cigarettes. When you are in love you smoke them unintermittently, nervously, as you are doing now, and practice your head pose—head thrown slightly back, eyes looking out from beneath half-closed lids, and—"

"Oh, Lord, what a bore you are, Mrs. Jack!" Polly interrupted. "How do you get the men from their brandy? This is deadly!"

"Ask Mrs. Max. She has a music cue which would bring the Major back from the dead," Mrs. Jack said, serenely.

"I a cue to call the Major? Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Max, coloring.

"Very well, I'll prove it," Mrs. Jack said. "Go, Polly, to the music room and play the St. Petersburg waltzes on the piano. Don't play in your own horrid, rattling manner, but imitate Mrs. Max's nice, dove-dove style. Then see what happens."

Miss Slanguer did as she was bid, and the result proved the correctness of Mrs. Darius's observations, for presently the men came in from the dining room. The Major looked slightly surprised not to see his wife at the piano.

"I wish I could grab Jack like that," sighed that gentleman's wife, as the Major went over to Mrs. Max with all the attention of an ardent lover.

Jack and Bob Billings grouped with the other ladies.

"How is your nerve, Captain?" Mrs. Jack asked of Billings.

"Nerve?" repeated Bob, slightly frightened.

"Yes. Were you ever engaged?"

"Frequently—with Sioux Indians," Bob answered, relieved.

"Then you can manage even Polly," Mrs. Jack responded, confidently. "Take her into the library and give her a cigarette. I don't mind; didn't you know she smokes?"

"Thank you for mentioning it," Polly said, glancing.

"No thanks for doing my duty. I think I best, Captain, that you should know the worst beforehand. There, don't blush like a boy. Take the dear child in the library. I'll keep the others away."

Bob, very miserable, under this fire, was glad to retreat, and offered Polly his arm.

"Perhaps you'd like to come, Mrs. Jack," Polly called back over her shoulder.

"And hear the Captain make love? No, thank you, dear; I prefer a novelty."

"What you making game of old Bob for?" asked Jack of his wife.

"Game? Why, you dear old! I decided months ago to marry them, and it had to be done this way. Polly hasn't anything but money, and she'll buy Bob out of the army."

"You're clever, clever, Nan!" exclaimed the delighted Mr. Darius.

"I know it, dear. Call the Major over here, and you go and talk to his wife."

The Major came, and Jack went as he was directed, and then Mrs. Jack said to the Major:

"What did you give the men after we left the table?"

"Some last century brandy. Some my friend Willie Ritchie brought over from London to me. There is something, my dear Mrs. Jack, in a certain quantity of last century brandy, which induces to pleasing meditations; to forgetfulness of the irritations of life."

"Then take me out and give me some. I've just divorced Bob Billings and feel rather foolish. Besides, my husband wants to say something sentimental to your wife, and we must give the children a chance. Mrs. Max will not be bored. Only the bad are bored. Heavens, how bored I am!"

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Their Best Friend.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

Do we wish to ally ourselves with a nation whose representatives rudely left the President's final reception? The slight is especially offensive because Mr. Cleveland has been Great Britain's best friend throughout all the financial agitation in this country.

Shifty Grover.

[San Francisco Call.]

If there is any issue before the country which Cleveland does not intend to shut the off on the McKinley administration we would like to know what it is.

The President and Congress.

[Detroit News.]

The most important feature of the President's message on the waterways project is the intimation that there are still some matters on which he feels inclined to consult Congress.

## THE LIST OF TO-NIGHT'S AMUSEMENTS.

Academy of Music. Two Little Vagrants. Koster & Bittel. Continuous Performances. Bijou. Courtship. The Great Broadway Theatre. Shamus O'Brien. Murray Hill. A Run on the Run. Olympia. Music Hall. Vaudeville. 8:15 P. M. Winter Garden. Bal Chamberpe, 11 P. M. People's Theatre. On the Bowery. Pastor's Theatre. Vaudeville. Fleets Place. Music Hall. 1:30 P. M. to Midnight. Proctor's 23d St.—Continuous, Noon to 11 P. M. Star Theatre. A Boy Wanted. Third Avenue. The Best Irish Home. Wallack's. The Cherry Pickers. 14th St. Theatre. The Cherry Pickers.

## WITH THE CHAPPIES

Nothing funnier than all this row over the auction sale of "Willie Wallie" Astor's old saddlebags and other cast-off possessions has happened in a long time.

With "Willie Wallie" cabling frantically from dear old England to have the sale stopped, with Mayor Strong coming to the assistance of the self-ex-patriated one, and with the auctioneer An International Burlesque.

Insisting on his right to advertise and sell the saddlebags as he pleases, the matter has assumed the proportion of an international burlesque.

What an awful thing it would be if it should come to the ears of "Tum Tum," Prince of Wales, or the good old Queen that the saddlebags of their friend from America were being sold at auction!

Why, it would queer "Willie Wallie's" whole English game.

Mayor Strong is quite right in commanding the auctioneer to desist from his vulgar methods of advertising. It is time this community realized that the English Astor's saddlebags are sacred even if they are second-hand.

If anybody has been misled by the idle persistence of current comment into even momentary belief that the waistcoat makes the man in the case of the Hon. T. Lester Woodruff, Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York, he would do well to discard that misapprehension at once and for all time.

I have nothing to say for or against Timmy's waistcoats. They speak for themselves. In variety of color they would make Joseph's celebrated coat pale into insignificance, while their number and the

fineness of their texture transcend anything in the wardrobe of Solomon, who was no slouch when it came to clothes.

My point is simply this: There is very much more to Timmy than his waistcoats. His trousers, his colored shirts and his neckties are entitled to some consideration.

But greater by far than all his clothing are his horses. I have already had occasion to allude to Timmy's four-in-hand, tandem and spike teams, and now I add a photograph of him on horseback circulating through the public prints.

There is only one combination in horses that Timmy has not worked on an awe-struck constituency—the old Roman act of riding three fiery steeds at once.

Victor Sorochon did it at the famous Waterbury circus seven years ago, and won an harness.

Do you think the Presidency would be out of Timmy's reach if he were to straddle his spike teams as in the accompanying illustration and fly up and down the hills of Albany?

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We point peacocks on the screen And roses on the fan and jug And ribboned tambourine. He soon may give tea in a quaint Delft cup unto the belle Who joyous comes to see him paint The lilac aquarelle.

With joy he'll paint the mountain stream, Likewise the orchard ripe. While fairies float across his dream, Smoke-sculptured from the pipe. He'll paint the lily lute and white; He'll paint the butterfly. And show the dimpling breezes light Upon the tawny rye.

Art's influence will mend his ways And cause him to forswear The habit of collecting trays And other silverware. Of flitting with the overcoat, With large-eyed, vague unrest, And lifting forth the fresh green note Out of the alien vest.

No more he'll lie in wait at night, Contrary to the law, To stretch the pilgrim with a right Cross-counter on one jaw. Oh, never will he forge the cheek; No more the safe he'll crack; And ne'er to throw, he'll be on deck, The mail train from the track.

Oh, blessed art, the felon you Will raise to joys serene. He'll, chastened, paint the heavens blue In landscape and marine. He'll from his wicked ways depart, And when his brush he wipes At night, for art, triumphant art, He'll thank his stars and stripes.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Advisers in Name Only.

[St. Louis Post-Dispatch.]

The confirmation of Mr. Francis is no victory. It is simply a recognition of the idea that the President is entitled to choose his own advisers, even though he may hold their advice in contempt. It means nothing at all for Mr. Francis, except a brief hour of social prominence and then oblivion.

Full of Trouble.

[San Francisco Call.]

Cleveland's term is of few days, but the signs are it will be full of trouble.

Unlikensess Desirable.

[Washington Post.]

In the selection of an Ambassador to England Mr. McKinley should aim to get a man who is not like Mr. Bayard in a great many respects.

## Rawlins alls on Cleveland.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 20th, 1897.—I just paid a visit to the White House to my old friend, Grover Cleveland. Found him looking at and hearty, but like an old man, and a little weary. He was so wooded at the time, and when I saw his pile of store wood he had saved I didn't much wonder that he looked fagged out. At the time I was ushered into his august presence I was sitting on the chopping block, tending a stranded fishing line, while trying to get a bit for another go with the black saw.

"Hello, Grover," says I. He looked up quickly. "Why, hello, Zeke," he cried, sticking out his hand for a shake. "Durn me if I didn't think it was my country calling me to a third term when you first spoke! How's things down in Cow Hollow?"

"Just fair to middlin', Grover," says I. "How're you makin' out?"

"Well, pretty fair; but I'm busy—all-fired busy—just at present," and he looked at the big pile of wood yet unsawed and heaved a large, full-breasted sigh.

"Why don't you let the hired man take a turn at this sort of work once in a while, and not being working yourself down sick?" I says.

Grover took a fresh chew of tobacco, and while he was fitting it into his cheek he shut one eye and looked up at me with a knowing wink.

"I wouldn't do, Zeke," he answered thoughtfully. "You see, these are mighty ticklish times just now, and important matters of this sort can't properly be left to the hired man. With Congress in session monkeying with Cuban affairs, with Queen Lili swinging 'round the circle right under my very nose, as it were, and a new party about to invade my dooryard, it behooves me to keep my peepers open for equals at all times. My policy must be maintained, Zeke; I've stood 'em off far in all sorts of weather, and I've got to keep up my lick now until the 4th of March. That's why I'm out here saying nothing and sawing wood. It's a part of my policy, Zeke. I ain't going to jeopardize my interests by jumping out into the ring with a war whoop and a cock-a-doodle-doo just at a time when I'm about to lose my job. It pays better to saw wood, Zeke."

"Grover," says I, "I've often wondered why the people got out in the rain and mud to parade under your banner, and why they'd about themselves drunk as swar by the Great Horn Spoon? You're changed wonderfully since you go to the district school and I lured for not knowing the multiple table. You've a great head on you, Grover, even if its crop o' hair is a little light in some spots."

Grover smiled and passed his plug of navy tobacco to me with a great show of appreciative feeling. "Take some, Zeke," said he, "take a good, big chunk; it don't cost me nothing. The Secretary of the Navy hooks a plug for me now and then."

I did so, and then, as I had called for a specific purpose, I sat down on the saw-block close to the President and said:

"Now, see here, old hoss, I want to have a little straight up-an-up talk with you. Here you'll be out of a job before the Winter is over, and right in the midst of hard times and with a lot of hungry politicians forming a solid line around the public corn-crib. Now, honest Injun, Grover, how're you fixed for the coming season?"

"Well, just kind o' so-so, Zeke," he answered, thoughtfully drawing a diagram of the earth with the toe of his shoe and putting his initials on it. "It's going to be pretty hard lines, I suppose; but I've got a pretty good stock of fishing tackle laid by, and I know where there's mighty fine fishin'!"

"Haint got a job yet, I suppose?"

"Well, no; not for a dead certainty, Zeke. Gen'l Weyer, that humane military gentleman who is helping me to suppress the Cuban insurgents, has written me offering a job, but I'm afraid I'm a little too old and too heavy on foot for the position."

"What is it, Grover?"

"Well, he wants a big, strong, able-bodied man to keep his ink-wells full while his great battles are being fought and has offered me the job. It was very kind, very gracious, of the General, but, as I have said, I'm afraid it's too swift a job for a man fashioned in my mould."

"Well, a man with a wife and three children has got to do something," said I. "In case you don't make a dicker with General Weyer, have you got any money put by?"

"A few cents," said Grover, modestly. "Things look a little shabby, but so long as the fishin' is good and worms alive too scarce I reckon I can keep soul and body together."

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